

LIBERATION

**Why I am opposed
to fallout shelters
Linus Pauling**

**The San Francisco to
Moscow peace walk**

**A. J. Muste
Jules Rabin
Karl Meyer**

DEC 1, 1961

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In This Issue:

LINUS PAULING, who won the Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1954, is chairman of the division of chemistry and chemical engineering at California Institute of Technology. I. F. Stone's Weekly recently commented: "Only a few months ago the Senate Internal Security Committee was pillorying Dr. Pauling as a Communist mouthpiece for insisting (in his famous petition campaign) that radiation was bad for people. Now we suppose the other side will be denouncing him as an imperialist tool."

Regular readers of **LIBERATION** will be aware of the key role played by **A. J. MUSTE** in planning and organizing the Walk and serving as its Ambassador in the Eastern countries.

JULES RABIN, a graduate of Harvard, took motion pictures of the Walk both in this country and in Europe.

KARL MEYER is director of St. Stephen's House in Chicago, a hospice similar to the Catholic Worker's St. Joseph's

House in New York. He played a leading role in the day-to-day organizational work of the San Francisco to Moscow Walk in Europe.

NORBETT L. MINTZ is Assistant Professor of Psychology at Brandeis University. Reprints of his earlier article, "The Cuban 'Episode' and the American Press" (which appeared in the Summer issue) have circulated widely. Copies are still available from **LIBERATION** at 15 cents each.

HOLLEY CANTINE is a trombone player who was co-editor (with Dachine Rainer) of Prison Etiquette: a Convict's Compendium of Useful Information. His "Truth Can Be Stranger Than Dreams" appeared in the April issue.

The poems by **KENNETH PATCHEN** first appeared in Mendicant, on the West Coast (available from City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.).

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THE SHELTERED LIFE

Ah, the genius of the free enterprise system! For \$50, dear friend, you can buy a polyvinyl plastic "burial suit." If you should die in your fallout shelter your wife wraps you in this ingenious article and stuffs you in the corner, neat as pumpkin pie. The chemicals inside prevent most of the odor. Certainly in these trying days when Communism threatens us from all sides your wife can withstand a few distasteful weeks watching you disintegrate under the polyvinyl window.

You'll be reassured by the glowing phrases of *Time* that "the U. S. could almost surely arise from the rubble, fight back, survive, put together a society again, and ultimately prosper once more." How long that word "ultimately" implies is a "top secret" that only the brain-trusters in Washington and Mr. Luce seem to know.

There's more—much more—to be thankful for. If we all build shelters we can cut the death rate of a thermonuclear attack from "160 million" to a mere "85 million." No one can argue with that—particularly since the shelters cost only \$150 apiece. Of course they're only four feet high, but the Indians know how to squat. Why can't we learn? If you can afford something better than that's all to the good. We're certainly going to stimulate your individualism, for after all isn't that what we are fighting for? If there are any who can't afford a shelter, or who live in an apartment house, well . . . survival of the fittest, you know.

No one has figured out yet how we can all get to our shelters in the twenty-one minutes it takes for a missile to arrive from Moscow. Will papa be able to get home from his office in that time? Will mama be able to return from her canasta game, and little Johnny from his school? And what if the neighbors, in the meantime, have entered your shelter and barricaded themselves?

Time isn't worried overmuch about war—and why should you be? A couple of days after the attack you can come out from your shelter for a little while—providing you don't expect to have any babies. If you're still young, please stay underground for at least two weeks, otherwise your genes might be affected. After

a short time things will gradually return to normal. Civil Defense, military, police, and fire authorities should be functioning at high gear, telling us how to bury 85 million dead and peel radioactive potatoes.

We hate to be unpatriotic and to spoil *Time's* little pleasures. But suppose that the Russians decide to bomb us twice, instead of once? That would be ungentlemanly, of course, but . . . you know the Russians.

And what are the Civil Defense people going to do for telephones? How are the cops going to get around without automobiles — assuming, naturally, that here and there a road has survived? And where are they going to put the gangs of marauders, assuming they capture some?

It's all so confusing.

Perhaps that's why only one member of the Cabinet, Postmaster General Edward Day, has built a shelter for himself. The rest haven't read *Time*.

S. L.

THE PROPHET MOTIVE

As we go to press, little children dressed as goblins are knocking at our door to "frighten" us into donating a treat. Earlier today we received a letter from some adults who make a year-round business of parading goblins to frighten people into making donations to a subversive cause. Their aim is to subvert the ability of our youth to face the unpleasant truths of society's economic relationships and—horrible thought—perhaps explore possibilities for a more humane society.

Here are some extracts from the letter:

Opinion Research, one of the most dependable research institutions in the United States, in a recent survey of high school seniors, revealed some facts that are both frightening and enlightening; for example,

61% of the students think "that the profit motive is not necessary for the survival of our system of free enterprise"; 76% think "most of the gains from new machinery go to the owner"; 82% believe that "there is practically no competition in business today"; 56% that "the way to have more is to get more from the corporations."

Recognizing the urgent need for remedial measures to correct this deplorable situation, America's Future, in 1958, with the cooperation of twelve

of the nation's leading educators set up a Textbook Evaluation Committee whose purpose it is to make a comprehensive and corrective study of the social science textbooks now in use on the high school level. . . . Completed evaluations of approximately 1500 words in length offer professionally documented reviews which are made available without charge.

Contributions to America's Future, a non-profit organization, are tax-deductible by U. S. Treasury ruling.

Somehow we find it hard to believe that the country's textbooks need to be purified in this manner from the Right. But what interests us more than fulminating against the Right (a practice which does little to quicken our imaginations or encourage our own acts of badly needed exploration and discovery) is to raise a few questions.

1) Is there a saturation point to propaganda, which limits the ability of publicists and educators to persuade the younger generation that a system of private profit is enlightened and brotherly? Do people have a built-in sanity which in the end brings them back to believe what they see and feel and suffer rather than what they are told? Are we giving them examples, even on a small scale, of alternative economic and social relationships that they can see and feel and respond to?

2) Why is it that those who in their youth know the nature of capitalist economics, power, and war so often end up by being their handmaidens? Is it related to the fact that most "revolutionists" who preach new relationships think that it is more "practical" to speak and write against the evils that exist than to put in practice in their own lives the equalitarian principles without which socialism becomes at best a new form of privileged society and at worst a tyranny from the Left? Why do tiny and faltering groups like the Catholic Worker and Summerhill School win a seemingly exaggerated respect from many persons who disagree in theology or educational philosophy but are hungry for something better than organized competition and status-seeking? Why do not more of our radical intellectuals start their own schools, for example, rather than bore, with increasing frustration and failure, from within?

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WHY I AM OPPOSED TO FALLOUT SHELTERS



LINUS PAULING

A GREAT EFFORT is now being made to get the American people to build a great number of fallout shelters. President Kennedy, in his letter to his fellow Americans of September 7th (published in *Life* magazine of September 15th), says that there is much that the American people can do to protect themselves, and that in doing so we strengthen our nation. *Life* itself, in its accompanying article, makes the statement that if Americans took precautions against fallout, only about 5 million would die in a nuclear attack. "... You could be among the 97 percent to survive if you follow advice on these pages. . . . How to build shelters. . . . Where to hide in cities . . . What to do during an attack."

The President in his letter states that: "The government is moving to improve the protection afforded you in your communities through civil defense. . . . We are providing fallout shelter in new and in some existing federal buildings. We are stockpiling these shelters with one week's food and medical supplies and two weeks' water supply for the shelter occupants. In addition, I have recommended to the Congress the establishment of food reserves in centers around the country where they might be needed following an attack. Finally, we are developing improved warning systems which will make it possible to sound attack warning on buzzers right in your homes and places of business."

Can any reasonable person contend that these measures to protect ourselves in case of nuclear war should not be taken?

My answer is the following: I have made a study of this great problem, and have reached the conclusion that for the United States to embark upon a great program of shelter construction would not provide protection, but instead would increase the already great danger to our nation and to the American people.

There is no doubt that fallout shelters would provide

some protection for some people, in case of a nuclear attack, and, moreover, that a populace that had been trained in methods of seeking protection would have a somewhat larger number of survivors than an untrained populace.

But the protection provided by a great system of fallout shelters and by training the populace could be and no doubt would be completely negated by the increased scale of the attack that would be delivered, if the arms race continues.

An atomic bomb explodes, perhaps 50 or 100 miles from you—far enough so that you are able to reach your shelter without having been vaporized, incinerated, or irradiated in such a way that you will die in a few days from acute radiation sickness. After two weeks in your shelter you are forced to leave it, or die of thirst and hunger. Then another bomb explodes. What is your fate?

Or you are 50 or 100 miles from the place where a bomb explodes: but instead of a 10-megaton bomb it is a 100-megaton bomb. If you are 50 miles away, you will probably be burned to death. If you are 100 miles away, you might well receive a lethal dose of high-energy radiation before you achieve the protection of your shelter. But even if you do achieve the protection of your shelter, you will have to emerge sooner or later, and the environment will be so unfavorable that you will die.

The palliative effects of shelter construction and training the populace can be completely neutralized by increasing the scale of the attack by a factor of 4.

The statement made by *Life* magazine that all but 5 million Americans could be saved in a nuclear war is ludicrous. It is not worth discussing, except as an example of the extent to which militarists will go in misleading the American people. I find it shocking that

President Kennedy should have written, "I urge you to read and consider seriously the contents of this issue of *Life*."

Professor Edward Teller is a person who can speak with greater authority than *Life* magazine. Although I think that Professor Teller is not reliable in these matters, because of his emotional and professional involvement with nuclear militarism, I shall quote him and discuss his statements.

Professor Teller (*U. S. News and World Report*, September 25, 1961) has said "If we don't prepare, 100 million Americans could die in the first days of an all-out nuclear war. Thirty to 40 million more could die from starvation and disease. The United States would cease to exist. But I firmly believe 90 percent of our population could be saved. It means 20 million would die, and this is terrible to contemplate. But why not try to give 90 percent a decent chance for survival?"

I think that Professor Teller's estimate that 130 or 140 million Americans would die in a nuclear attack, if unprepared, and 20 million, if prepared with fallout shelters, is low. My own estimate is that all of the people in the United States would be killed in a nuclear war, if we do not build fallout shelters, and that if we do build them and train the American people, all of the American people would be killed in a nuclear war.

In my discussion of the probable effects of nuclear war I rely largely on the "Hearings on Biological and Environmental Effects of Nuclear War" that were held before the Special Subcommittee on Radiation of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, from June 22nd to 26th, 1959. The published report of these hearings contains an immense amount of valuable information.

In particular, I rely largely on the studies made by scientists of the RAND Corporation and the continuation of these studies made by Hugh Everett III and George E. Pugh, of the Weapon Systems Evaluation Division of the Institute for Defense Analyses. These studies provide what are probably the best available estimates of effects of nuclear attacks of various sorts on the United States and on the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, both for the unprepared case and for the prepared case—the case in which the populace has been well-trained to seek shelter and a great system of fallout shelters has been constructed.

In order to simplify my discussion, I shall assume that the attacks are made in such a way as to produce the maximum number of dead people. The reason that I prefer to discuss this sort of attack is that I think that the military and political planners in both the United States and the Soviet Union probably consider that the nation that ends the war with the larger number of sur-

vivors, or with some survivors, with the other nation having none, would have won the war.

I shall accordingly quote the results of the studies that correspond to dropping the nuclear weapons in such a way as to give the maximum number of total casualties. It is not assumed that there is great accuracy in aiming the rockets and dropping the bombs—an average accuracy of only 100 miles has been assumed in these studies.

The attack of this sort that would cause 20 million of the 180 million Americans to be dead at the end of 60 days, although they had been well trained and had been provided with a great system of shelters, is, according to the RAND-Everett-Pugh analyses, an attack of 300 megatons of bombs. The attack on an unprepared America that would leave 130 million Americans dead at the end of 60 days is estimated to be 4,000 megatons. (These numbers are obtained from figure 8 and figure 7, respectively, page 875, "Hearings on the Biological and Environmental Effects of Nuclear War," United States Government Printing Office, 1959.)

There is a discrepancy here. The 4,000-megaton attack that would kill 130 million Americans in the unprepared population would, according to the scientists who carried out these studies, kill 72 million Americans in the prepared population, and not 20 million, as stated by Professor Teller. I think that it is likely that Professor Teller had in mind a far greater system of shelters than the system, costing 5 to 20 billion dollars, that was being considered by the scientists who made these studies.

Possibly a system of shelters costing 100 billion dollars could protect Americans against 4,000 megatons of bombs to such an extent that only 20 million would die. But by the time that such a great system of shelters, far underground, had been constructed, the scale of the Russian attack could no doubt be far greater than 4,000 megatons.

In fact, I think that 4,000 megatons is an unrealistically low estimate for an attack at the present time. I believe that we now have 100,000 megatons of bombs in our stockpile, and that the Soviet Union has 50,000 megatons.

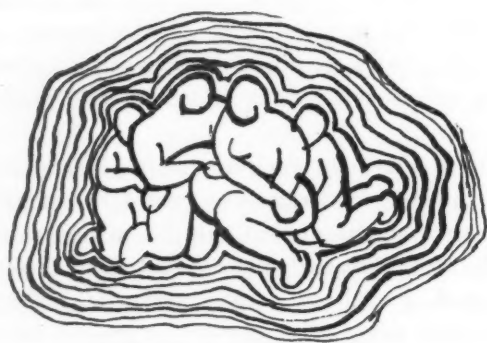
The factor of 2—my estimate that we have twice as many bombs as the Soviet Union—does not imply a military superiority for the United States. The populated part of Russia is considerably larger than the continental United States. The result of this difference between the two countries is that, as shown in the RAND-Everett-Pugh studies, an attack on Russia must be made with twice as many bombs as an attack on the United States in order to kill the same fraction of people. The estimate made by the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization is that 100 megatons (20 megatons per city)

dropped on five cities, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Los Angeles, would kill 20 million Americans and injure an additional 6 million. (I have made a correction from the 1959 figures to correspond to the increase in population.) This quantity, 100 megatons, is only one tenth of one percent of my estimate of the American stockpile and two tenths of one percent of my estimate of the Russian stockpile.

My total, 150,000 megatons, may be compared with the figure 60,000 megatons, a semi-official figure which may well be low, that was used by the scientists from the United States, the Soviet Union, and many other countries in their discussion of the problem of nuclear war at the Sixth Pugwash Conference.

I have arrived at the value of 100,000 megatons for the American stockpile by the following argument. We have about 2,000 great bombers in the Strategic Air Command. On the average the members can carry 40 megatons apiece. Hence the total that they could carry is 80,000 megatons. I think that it is unlikely that we do not have the nuclear bombs for these bombers, plus an additional 20,000 for the thousands of rockets and planes other than those in the SAC.

Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, a physicist who is a leading authority on nuclear weapons and nuclear war, stated



in 1959 that: "Judging from U. S. bomber capabilities, our strategic retaliation against Soviet attack would involve a one-day level of attack in excess of 10,000 megatons." (1959 Congressional Hearings.) I think that it is probable that, after two years of continued large-scale manufacture of additional bombs, the United States could in fact deliver 20,000 megatons of bombs over the Soviet Union, and that the Soviet Union could deliver a 10,000-megaton attack against the United States. These attacks, carried out in such a way as to maximize the number of deaths, would leave 94 percent of the people in each of the two countries dead at the end of 60 days, with 80 percent of the survivors so badly injured that they probably would die before many months had gone by.

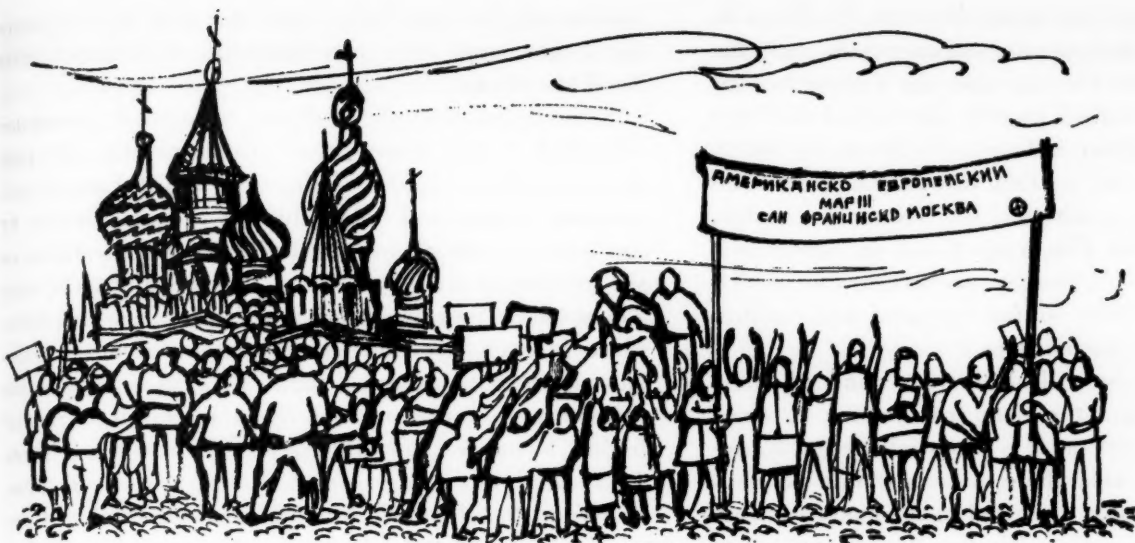
My estimate of the effect on the United States of a

nuclear war carried out in the near future is the following: the attack on the United States would involve 10,000 megatons of bombs. At the end of 60 days, 170 million of the 180 million American people would be dead. Of the remainder, 8 million would be injured and 2 million uninjured, except for some effects of radiation. They would have to cope with such delayed effects as the disorganization of society, disruption of communications, extinction of livestock, genetic damage, and the slow development of radiation poisoning from the ingestion of radioactive materials in the air that is breathed, the water that is drunk, and the food that is eaten—these factors were not taken into account in the RAND-Everett-Pugh studies. I judge that there would be no survivors in the United States at the end of a year, and no survivors in the Soviet Union.

Now let us assume that the populace is well trained and has built shelters of the sort assumed by the RAND Corporation (not those assumed by Professor Teller, which probably portray an unjustified optimism about the effectiveness of shelters). According to the RAND-Everett-Pugh studies, the same effects could be achieved in a 40,000-megaton attack on a prepared United States as in a 10,000-megaton attack on the unprepared United States.

Although, in case that the arms race, including the construction of shelters, continues, it is conceivable that the United States might gain some advantage over the Soviet Union or vice versa, such that the one nation or the other would have a slightly greater number of survivors in a nuclear war, the development of nuclear weapons has, I believe, now reached the stage where the great majority of the people in both countries would be killed, if a nuclear war were to be fought, and it has become irrational to plan to fight a nuclear war. I think that the threats of nuclear attack that are made by the leaders of both countries are not seriously meant. No national leader would initiate the war that would end in the destruction not only of the enemy nation but also of his own. So long, however, as this period of extreme militarism continues, there will be great danger that a nuclear war will be initiated through some psychological or technological accident or through some series of catastrophic events such that even the wisest national leaders are unable to avoid the process that would result in the destruction of civilization.

I believe that the only rational course for the world to follow is that of working toward the goal of general and complete disarmament with the best possible system of controls and inspection, and with the development of an improved system of international law, such as to permit the solution of international problems in the way that represents the maximum of justice to all nations and all people.



THEY MADE IT TO MOSCOW

A. J. Muste

THE NEW YORK *Herald Tribune*, a highly respectable newspaper which may presumably be characterized as an organ of liberal Republicanism and of top-echelon American business and finance, published an editorial on October 7th about the San Francisco to Moscow Peace March. On Sunday, October 8th, the day the three-hundred-and-twelve-day March came to an end in Moscow, the *New York Times*, which of course does not require characterization, included several inches of comment about the six days the Marchers had spent in the Soviet capital in its Review of the Week section, which tells millions of readers throughout the world, and records for posterity, what really important world developments took place during the week. These references and countless others in the press and on radio and TV all over the world during the first ten days of October have rendered a verdict about this project launched by the U. S. Committee for Nonviolent Action: the March (or Walk as we are accustomed to say in the United States) and especially its culmination in Communist countries and in Moscow itself constituted an historic event in a year filled with events and crises which will affect the course of human history, which may even determine whether or not human history continues or comes to a mean and meaningless end.

The editorial in the *Herald Tribune* was headed: "A Small Chink in the Curtain." It said in part:

The Peace Marchers can have some consolation for the pains of their long and weary march to Moscow. They have displayed their banners in the capital of the Red Empire; they have delivered their message of peace and friendship to Soviet students (who defied their professors

to insist on the Peace Marchers rights to finish their presentation). . . . They have raised a little candle of dissent in the vast, gray conformity of the Soviet Union. It is a long time since any group of foreigners has been permitted to challenge that enforced conformity. . . . Some of the inhabitants of Moscow have had their first taste of the kind of diversity that exists in the West. . . . Some may have heard in the pleas of the Marchers echos of Tolstoi, of Prince Kropotkin,* of Pasternak—of that Russian tradition of mystical humanitarism. . . . In a word, through this tiny chink in the Iron Curtain, a few seminal ideas may have penetrated. They will not affect the current crisis, but they may grow.

Probably the best way to understand the Peace March is to regard it, as the *Herald Tribune* editorial suggests, as an experiment. It is not one in the strict sense like a rigidly controlled experiment in physics; it is more like the start of a series of experiments which results from a scientist's taking hold of what seems a foolish approach to a problem after all the traditional and sensible approaches have finally led to an impasse. The Peace March has been—in spite of its shortcomings and of the fact that it was not always clearly thought of in these terms—an Experiment in Truth and Non-violence in the Gandhian tradition.

The project has been an experiment in several areas. One is how a group of witnesses and agitators can be organized and function internally as day after day they pace off the miles, face varied audiences, encounter diverse political situations and the problems arising from

*The office of the All-Soviet Peace Committee, with which the visit of the Team to Russia was negotiated and by which it was sponsored, is at 10 Rue Kropotkin in Moscow!—A.J.M.

these. Another is the relationship between the Team in the field and the individuals, organizations and the sponsoring committee (in this case the Committee for Nonviolent Action) which provide moral and financial backing. Obviously either is helpless without the other, but how do they relate so that not only a substantial degree of efficiency is achieved but also true freedom and spiritual growth? The project was an experiment also in international action by pacifist groups, which for the most part have so far operated only within their respective national borders.

The present article will deal with none of these factors, partly because the data from which to draw conclusions are not yet in. It is essential for the future of nonviolent action that these matters should be carefully studied and frankly discussed in the months ahead. The present article deals with the San Francisco to Moscow March as an experiment in dealing with the nuclear-war crisis, with international relations and especially relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, the power blocs which are associated with them, the cleavage in human society in the modern world and how it can be bridged, how communication, genuine "dialogue," can be established across barriers.

1. The Basis of the Project

The subject divides itself automatically into two parts. One may be symbolized by San Francisco, the other by Moscow. One deals with the origin of the project, the base from which it operated, the message which it sought to deliver. The other deals with the project's conclusion, the experience in Communist countries, with the culmination in Moscow, the reasons why a group of thirty radical pacifists were enabled to talk and argue with thousands of citizens in East Germany, Poland and the Soviet Union, to protest openly in the Soviet Union against Soviet resumption of tests, to demonstrate for unilateral disarmament and nonviolence before a military installation outside Moscow and in the Red Square before the Kremlin itself.

The Team members, the C.N.V.A. and their supporters in the United States and Western Europe said: "*We refuse to recognize national barriers. We happen to be Americans—or English, French, and so on—but first of all and essentially we are human beings. We want to be listened to as human beings. We feel free to go anywhere on the face of the planet to talk to fellow human beings. Moreover, we will not permit any ordinary obstacles to prevent us from going into any country on the route of our March. If customary efforts to obtain visas or free passage without them fail, we shall commit civil disobedience, seek to enter the country illegally but nonviolently.*" Gaullist France was the only country which forbade entry; it was confronted with a dramatic exhibition of direct action in the waters of Le Havre

harbor, which earned the Team the title of Swimmers for Peace from over two thousand Frenchmen who lined the docks.

Secondly we took the position: "*We Must Communicate with People Everywhere.*" Consequently, the program could not consist of the carrying of banners advocating peace and friendship in general terms or the passing out of leaflets full of generalizations or the holding of pleasant social gatherings along the way. There had to be confrontation with people, which takes place in such situations when real problems are discussed, when it is clear all round that there are genuine differences of opinion, and there is genuine "mental fight," to use William Blake's phrase, over these issues. There had to be a substantial measure of freedom, therefore, to talk to all kinds of people. Even in Communist countries there had to be demonstrations before military installations and the symbols of military power, as well as the carrying of banners.

Thirdly, the March took its stand on the unequivocal declaration: "*We Reject Any Double Standard of Morality in Relation to War Preparation.*" Therefore, there was a common leaflet, which was distributed in Europe in a format which stated the message in six languages—English, Dutch, French, German, Polish and Russian. We thus made certain that in each country essentially the same message was given. It condemned Soviet and American H-bombs, American, Russian, British and all other war preparation. It called on the people of each nation to call upon their own government to disarm unilaterally, and thereby break the circle of distrust. It called on individuals in each country to take responsibility to determine their position in relation to war and pointed out that for the Marchers this meant refusing military service, work in war plants, and payment of war taxes.

Fourthly, the C.N.V.A., the Marchers, the radical pacifists in the United States had a *substantial record of protest against United States foreign policy and military preparations*. It is important to remember that record: the Nevada-Camp Mercury Vigil; the voyage of the *Golden Rule*; the voyage of the *Phoenix* to Eniwetok; the Fort Dietrich Vigil; the Peace Walks; the Civil Defense Protests; the series of Polaris Action Protests; and other activities. (Western European movements have of course engaged in similar actions.) It is this non-alignment, this clean break with nuclear war and the power struggle on the part of the peoples of all nations which is needed, and only those who have made the break with their own nation-state stand on ground from which they can appeal to others to do the same. This non-alignment has to take the place everywhere of the alignment in which people in each nation identify with their own war machine and consequently are

separated from people of the "enemy" nation—separated politically and psychologically even more than geographically—and consequently never really talk and reason with one another, but only debate and "negotiate."

This ties in directly with a fifth point that the project was based on: *rejection of rosy views of the world crisis or of the policies of Communist states*. We are realists who have always insisted that achieving disarmament and peace is not simple but a hard, revolutionary task. We are at variance at many crucial points with aspects of Communist régimes and policies of Communist states. There was no diluting or obscuring of such views, and the conclusive proof is that at numerous meetings in the Soviet Union, as in that notable one with students in Moscow University, there was intense controversy. Everybody understood that Soviet policies and Communist concepts were being challenged. Sometimes Russians in the audience, outraged at any questioning of Soviet "peace" policy, shouted "Fascist" and "war-monger" at Team speakers.

What all this adds up to is that the members of the Team and those who backed them saw themselves in relation to all the individuals they met, saw the peoples and the nations of the earth *not under the pattern of conflict but of entrapment*. The Team members were human beings, freed of exclusive and arbitrary allegiances, who bore no sword against other human beings, who could therefore approach them with love and respect, but could also speak frankly to them. They saw the peoples, governments, nations, trapped in nationalism, in the long tradition of war, in entrenched vested interests, in mutual fear, in a runaway military technology which acted according to its own impersonal and completely amoral logic. They could say to *everybody*: Let us *unite* to save each other from this trap, to live as free men in a brotherly society on earth.

2. The Culmination of the Project

So much for the origin of the project, the basis from which it operated. Now what about the conclusion? The first thing to be said here is simply that *they got to Moscow!* This was in sheer geographical and physical terms a stupendous feat. Only those who actually marched with the Team all the way or for some hundreds of miles or who spent a good deal of time with or near the Team, as was my privilege, can have any idea of the effort, discipline and endurance involved. I can testify from numerous conversations with people all over Europe that the fact that there were people, especially Americans, who would make such a colossal effort in the cause of peace made a profound impact.

Even more importantly, the arrival in Moscow represented a great political and moral achievement.

From the moment the San Francisco to Moscow idea was launched it was clear that the image which the project would bear whenever and wherever it terminated would be either *They Made it to Moscow* or *They Didn't Make It*. This would, I think, have been true had the failure to reach Moscow been due to some physical inadequacy or strategic error on the part of the Team and C.N.V.A. or to a refusal on the part of the Soviet authorities to permit the project to reach its goal.

I have yet to meet a single person concerned about peace and Soviet-American relationships who does not feel that the achievements of the Team in Moscow and the resultant publicity here represent a timely and almost incalculable boost for the whole peace movement in this country. This is partly because to read news stories and see pictures of the proclamation of nonviolence and protest against Soviet resumption of tests taking place in Red Square kindles a bit of hope, like Noah's dove returning to the Ark with an olive branch in its beak. But the main point is, of course, that the questions always thrown at pacifists—"Why don't you go and tell it to the Russians? What makes you think they'll let you in? What makes you think you'll ever get to Moscow?"—have now been answered. The answer is: "We did get in. We have said it to the Russians. They argued back against unilateralism, just as Americans did, but we stood our ground there as we did here."

How interpret and evaluate the course pursued by the Peace Councils and the authorities in Communist countries? We need to be quite sober and realistic here, and avoid exaggerating the importance of the events or deducing more from them than is warranted.

Thus, general freedom to dissent and freedom for pacifist groups to function have not been established in Eastern lands. The Peace Councils still have a monopoly on peace activity and propaganda. The Team indeed followed the route we had proposed in Poland and the Soviet Union and were given the opportunity to carry banners, give out leaflets, hold discussions with people, which had been agreed upon; but even if we omit the case of East Germany, which proved to be an exception and with which we do not attempt to deal here, this did not yet represent complete freedom to stay indefinitely and to go anywhere the spirit might lead.

It may be assumed that the Soviet authorities figure that radical pacifists do not bolster Western forces in the Cold War and so ought to be "encouraged." It may likewise be assumed that the authorities would reckon that in the main a Peace March on Soviet soil would be regarded by the citizens as a part of the peace campaign which is constantly being carried on, and would

therefore help to some extent in confirming the image of the Soviet régime as uniquely "peace loving." The editorial writer in the *Herald Tribune* may have something in guessing that the Soviet authorities could calculate that so extreme a position as unilateralism would not make much of an impact on Soviet citizens, who would be encouraged to accept the presence of Peace Marchers as a sign of the softness and "decadence" of the West.

But when all such discounting has been allowed for, something—indeed, a good deal—remains to be explained. The reports of encounters in meetings from Brest to Minsk to Smolensk to Moscow and the report of the discussion with students at Moscow University who overruled an attempt of professors to cut the meeting short, prove conclusively that Russians may have regarded the Marchers as strange or extreme, but hardly soft or decadent.

Something unprecedented did take place. I suggest that it may be one indication of a readiness on the part of Soviet authorities to loosen up and to encourage more intellectual commerce with the West. Another indication of such a tendency is that *Pravda* accepted the challenge of James Wechsler, New York *Post* editor, to publish an article of his about Kennedy which contained some severe strictures on Khrushchev's thinking. Another is the fact that the Orthodox Church of the Soviet Union, which along with the authorities condemned the World Council of Churches when it was founded in Amsterdam in 1948 as an agency of imperialism, has applied for admission to the Council and will be admitted in New Delhi next month.

It begins to seem that such happenings are too numerous and follow each other too rapidly to be dismissed as accidental and insignificant. For example, on the Sunday, October 8th, when the Peace Marchers were leaving Moscow, Poetry Day was being observed in Red Square. Five thousand young people, mostly students, gathered around a platform erected for the occasion to listen to poets reading their own verse. But uninvited to the platform and therefore standing below it with the crowd was Eugene Evtushenko, whose poem on Babi-yar, where thousands of Jews were massacred by Nazis, declared that anti-Semitism still existed in the Soviet Union and who hence has been denounced by some of the literary pundits. Presently the students began to chant: "We want Evtushenko" and the chairman had to take notice and invite him to the platform. One of the two poems he read is entitled, "You Can Consider Me a Communist." It lashed out against the "lackeys who pursue not Communist but personal power" and finished, "I will remain firm to the end and never become a lick of nailed boots." It was this line, Joseph Barry, New York *Post* columnist, reports,

"which brought the shouts 'Bravo, Bravo!' that lifted Moscow's gray skies and tore up the timetable of Moscow's Poetry Day."

There are also in my opinion indications that Communist officials and leading peace workers have reached the conclusion that if they want to have any influence for peace in many Western countries they have to deal with the ongoing peace and pacifist organizations in these countries and have to accept the fact that Peace Council affiliates, if they have survived at all, are not representative and do not carry weight.

Useful as speculation about Communist motivation may be, and even necessary, the main question surely is what we are going to do now, how we are going to react to the new fact represented by the reception of the Peace Marchers and their experience in Communist countries. To answer this we must reflect on who it was that were able to bring about the new fact.

Radical pacifists in the United States had created, in spite of their many shortcomings, an image of personal integrity and honesty. They had fought for civil liberties of Communists even at the height of the McCarthy era. They had broken with the military policies and activities of their own government. They had broken equally with military preparations, and especially preparations for nuclear war, anywhere and consequently preached unilateralism. They asked to be admitted to Communist countries but only on condition that they could say and do essentially the same things there as in other countries. They made it known not only that they harbored no malice toward anyone in any government, but also that they recognized no right on the part of any government to keep them as human beings away from fellow-humans and made it known that they would therefore have to attempt to enter illegally but nonviolently any country which forbade legal entry.

These were their credentials. On this basis they were admitted. They made it. There were difficulties and sometimes controversies, but in the main the Peace Council representatives carried through their agreements and expended a vast amount of time and labor.

What are the peace forces of the United States and the West generally going to do with this lesson? What response, for example, will come from the churches, which should long ago have had their young people clamoring at the doors of Communist countries with the gospel of peace and not with H-bombs?

Finally, what about an invitation to the Peace Councils of Communist countries to send some Peace Marchers over here, on a perfectly frank basis, that they be given an opportunity to express their view, provided they are prepared to face the same kind of challenging and questioning that our Peace Marchers faced over there?

WAS IT WORTH IT ?

Two Peace Walkers

I. How We Went

Jules Rabin

THE GREAT ADVENTURE is over. Our Walk, which commenced in San Francisco's Union Square on December 1st, 1960, concluded in Moscow's Red Square on the afternoon of October 3rd, 1961. At 2 o'clock we filed up the short slope, beside the Historical Museum. Ahead of us lay the great plaza, with the jumbled, bejeweled cake of St. Basil's Cathedral occupying the front horizon, and the tall, heavy wall of the Kremlin to our right. The Walkers were granted two hours in Red Square to conduct our final demonstration. After performing the courtesies of the press we arranged ourselves in a quiet line facing St. Basil's, and stood in silent vigil. It took some minutes for us to establish our separateness from the crowd that pressed around us, and more minutes for the activities of photographers and reporters to subside. But eventually the sense of the vigil established itself.

England has had her Aldermastons, with tens of thousands marching the few score miles to London. It is perhaps fitting that America's young and faltering peace movement should have signified her concern with a gesture of continental breadth. Ten thousand kilometers, six thousand-odd miles, the Walk carried almost through four seasons.

And the Walk in Russia, what was that really like?

Russia was climactic. To Americans of this century, Russia must always be of especial fascination, because it is proclaimed the forbidden land, the dangerous land . . . because Russia is the *they* of our lives. So we walked in Russia, especially during the first days, like children in a land of wonder. On our first evening in Russia, we met an overflow audience in Brest. The stage was draped in red and gold, the colors of Soviet glory. On either side of the stage were portraits of Lenin, Marx and Engels. On the streets we had seen statues and busts of Lenin and Stalin, gleaming in silver paint, and posters, always in red, exhorting and proclaiming. That is what Russia is like on first encounter: the forbidden symbols have become vernacular elements of the civic landscape.

Russia was important to us because of this fascination, and it was important for the more serious reason that in Russia we recognized the other great voice in the dialogue of power which makes the world tremble today. Here was the central drama of the Walk, that some of

us from the United States should carry to the Soviet Union the same message that we had spoken and acted on in our own country, sometimes at the price of imprisonment. We had demonstrated against military installations wherever we encountered them, in little Belgium as well as at the Pentagon, in England and both Germanys and Poland. But Russia was especially important to us because it is her power, alone, that matches the power of the United States, and uniquely provokes it. To have the ear of both these great nations, that was the heart's desire of our Walk. To demonstrate in one's own country is not too great a feat, but this opportunity to say *No* to the official *Yes* of Soviet military policy, on Soviet soil, was to us both rare and impressive.

Moscow was the terminus of our Walk, and it was a precious goal insofar as it meant the completion of our long labor, and the achievement of what we had months before set out to do. We have the impression that our Soviet hosts would have liked us to regard our entry into Moscow as an arrival at a Mecca consecrated to Peace. For as earnestly as we of the Walk expressed our concern for an immediate and total solution to the armaments race, the Soviets insisted that their concern matches ours, and outdistances it. They have endured a war which touched America only lightly; they have established professional committees for the defense of peace, and have long had laws which make it a criminal offense to foment war. A member of the Soviet Peace Committee, who greeted us warmly on the day following our arrival, suggested that we might have felt like the ten thousand of Xenophon as we entered the great space of the Red Square. He thought we might have wanted to cry out "*Thalassa, Thalassa,*" as the Greeks had done when they saw the Black Sea after their long flight before the Persians, and understood that rest and the assurance of safety lay close at hand.

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the most earnest (and *believable*) protestations that the Russians desire peace above almost all else, and that they shudder to think of enduring again what they suffered between 1941 and 1945? But like harsh-minded fools we were bound to reiterate our unilateralist stand and disturb the calm of our hosts. Our position is one of refusal to assess degrees of blame in the crescendo of armaments preparations which is making the world tremble. Rather, it locates the possibility for disaster in a readiness from any quarter to respond to menace with menace, to offense with offense.

The idiocy of it. Here were two parties, ourselves and the Russians, who would turn almost boastful in declaring the depths of their concern for peace. We were the honored guests of the land, the Walkers who had done this strange thing of coming so great a distance to convey our desire and our plan for peace. Across from us stood the Russians, a people who had suffered more, in absolute numbers, than any other participants in the great war. They begged us to believe that they craved peace, that they are a peace-loving people . . . as though they feared that there are other peoples elsewhere who are perhaps peace-hating, who crave war for its own bloody sake.

We faced the Russians on numerous platforms (seventeen arranged meetings, perhaps sixty informal wayside meetings), and from either side could be found not much more than token words of regard for the full reach of the other's peace program. To the Russians we seemed like unintentional subversives. We proposed that they undertake unilateral disarmament, and that in the spirit of individual responsibility, each Soviet citizen who regarded war as intrinsically evil should on his own initiative abstain from all phases of military activity, including civilian labor in armaments industry. We made it as clear as we could that we were not a band of foxy delegates from the West who aimed to soften the Soviet's defenses for the eventual new assault by a neo-Nazi Germany—which the Soviets fear more than the hell-fires of hydrogen warfare itself. We exposed the battle ribbons and battle wounds which are peculiar to pacifist activists of today: prison sentences, physical violence, and calumny, endured in our own lands in the course of our proposal of the same unilateralist position that we brought to the Soviet Union. But what stayed uppermost in their minds was the impression of a strange band from the West proposing seriously that they should disarm, immediately and irrespective of what their world neighbors might do.

To us, the Soviets seemed like the creators of their own undoing. While protesting their deep love of peace, they would reiterate with a violent passion their determination to remain militarily strong as long as the West retained any power for military assault. In the

course of our several weeks in the Soviet Union, the atonality of the official—and popular—position on the questions of peace and armaments became familiar to our ears. The Soviets are determined to maintain their position of military strength—in *defense*, as they habitually allege, of the peace and of their territorial integrity—as long as their appeal for complete and general disarmament, multilaterally implemented, goes unheeded.

As persons affected by the Gandhian and Christian traditions of nonviolence, we Peace Walkers found this disharmony of the Soviet position harsh to our ears. How can one simultaneously protest that one loves peace and avow implacable hatred and annihilation of a prospective enemy?

As persons who had endured the incredible sufferings of an unmitigated Nazi invasion and occupation, our Soviet interlocutors found our appeals for unilateral disarmament childish—we were laughed at by great audiences—and downright offensive. These audiences would shout indignantly when the full implications of our program were declared. And the fact that we were appealing in the same terms to both East and West, and that we were condemning both East and West in the same terms, seemed often not to register.

This is the depressing idiocy I speak of, that we and the Russians seem often to have talked *past* each other. Each party to our discussions would perform a careful minuet within his own sphere of logic, always in support of his own dream of a just and sound peace. But the two spheres of logic would rarely intersect, and the rival claims of programs, of resistance with armed violence and of resistance without armed violence, would be left unadjusted. And because each party regarded the other as representing a threat to his own dream of the establishment of peace, we addressed each other sometimes as antagonists, rather than as collaborators in this precious work.

To be thus at odds with our audiences was of course no new thing to us. In the West, in the United States, we had encountered identical positions, except that the implacable demon was named World Communism, instead of International Capitalism.

I write these notes the day after my return to New York. I have in hand the manuscript of A. J. Muste's article, and there is a benefit to me in obtaining his perspective. I don't refer to the perspective of his years and experience, but the perspective of one who has observed the Walk closely, but has not been on it. For the last six months I have gone with the Walk daily. It has been a way of life, and so absorbing and de-

manding a way of life that I can comment on it only from within.

The question returns to my mind over and over again: What was it really like?

The reality of the Walk is manifold. There is the reality Muste speaks of, which from the outermost perspective seems to be the Walk's great achievement: we have perhaps, through this Walk, made a small difference in the fearsome dialogue that goes on between the United States and the Soviet Union. If we are serious men and if we are correct in our judgment that an apocalypse confronts the world, this small difference we have made is a gladdening thing. Here have we thirty-odd people gone out into the world like Quixotes, carrying our banners in the boggy woods of Russia, in the deserts of America's Southwest, and in some great cities between. Here are we, thirty people without any direct connection with the standard sources of power in today's world, and we have been able to make a difference. How much of a difference, we cannot judge. Muste's article gives a generous estimate of our achievement. If he is one-tenth correct, we are glad. In a world in which it is common to say, What can an ordinary person *do*?—thirty ordinary persons have made a difference on an issue that could determine the lives and deaths of countless of us.

But the other realities of the Walk are closer to my mind. We aimed to be world-shakers and peace-makers: this was the ostensible reason most of us joined the Walk. *The* reason. But a strange way of life lived for six months or ten months entails multiple motivations. No person, I believe, functioned on the walk solely as Peace Walker. We had many other moments besides those of peace work. When we entered Poland after the heavy difficulties of our stay in East Germany, we behaved for several days like kids, cavorting along the way in response to the lighter, more generous spirit our Polish hosts showed us. During the tired, tense days of our forced march in Russia, when we had to accomplish a five-weeks journey in eighteen days, a strange totemic humor developed among us. We divided into two rival parties, the Giant Ants and the Leaky Buzzards, who dwelled in a strange empire of the imagination that resembled the comic-book empires of the real world.

We sometimes squabbled among ourselves, in a way unbecoming to people professing the Gandhian philosophy. We were time and again exacerbated by the physical hardships of the Walk, the emotional hardships of little privacy, and the spiritual hardship of lack of repose. We knew no Sundays, and were confused about the other days of the week. I heard Lyn Marsh ask once, "Is this Saturday?" and receive the answer, "No, it's Tuesday." The occasional layover our schedule would

allow in a large city would find us, on the day the Walk resumed, welcoming the open road like people starting on a holiday.

But after six months on the Walk I am tired of certain things. I am tired of walking, and I am tired of pure politics.

It was a deliberate pleasure to watch a familiar landscape sweep past the train window as I rode the Moscow to London Express west to England, a few days ago. Distances that I had labored over on foot were now accomplished effortlessly, magically, as we sat reading and drinking tea. Every hour spent on board the train counted for two days' journey on foot.

And the curious, tight logic of politics—some of us are glad to have passed temporarily out of that, and no longer to have the responsibility of conveying the Walk's message to curious strangers.

I remember the first night aboard the Moscow-London train. Six of us had established ourselves cosily in two adjoining compartments, and were sipping tea served from the car's samovar. One of the car attendants brought in two young Soviet soldiers who had heard of our walk and were curious about the details; they were incredulous, in fact, concerning the physical accomplishment of the Walk, the distance covered. I remember the special concern I used to feel in East Germany and Poland, when encountering Soviet soldiers. I sought every opportunity to speak with them, or at least to deliver them the Walk's leaflet. The fact of the great dialogue in today's world is one that I have borne constantly in mind; and this special opportunity to speak to the East in the same manner that we have spoken to the West has seemed to be of incalculable value.

But that first night on board the train I was weary and the rest of us were weary. We would rather not have spoken to the curious soldiers. The romance and import of that kind of contact were dissipated in a weariness of sensibility, which must inevitably overtake people who endure so long a trance of action such as this Walk was. Our message was threatening to become a line, and we would rather be silent for a time than repeat things in a hackneyed way.

And again, what was it really like? It is tempting to speak of a grand action in terms that suggest waving banners and all the other panoply of public occasions. (We were a public occasion—I remember dozing off on the green in a small Polish town, at the end of lunch, and waking up to find myself surrounded, like Gulliver, by a dense circle of children, all contemplating me silently.) There is a traditional language of celebration

for public occasions of this scope, but it is apt to be embarrassing, inept, beside the point. I remember a strange fellow who attached himself to the Walk for several days in eastern Belgium. He wore a wide, greasy raincoat and a wide-brimmed hat pulled low on his forehead. He coursed along beside us, shouting at people as we went, "Applaud them, applaud them! Here are the Marchers for Peace come all the way from San Francisco on foot." This was one face of the Walk, and it is worth describing.

We might say: this Walk distributed so and so many hundreds of thousands of leaflets, and addressed so and so many tens of thousands of persons, East and West. We were handed bouquets of flowers in many places, and were stopped on our way, as often as half a dozen times in one day, by civic officials who wanted to convey their community's regard for us. We were sometimes like hardened theatrical troupers lending only our physical presence to these occasions: cherishing them, perhaps, because the interruption gave us a few minutes rest, besides the ten minutes we allotted ourselves after each hour's walking. We acted like hardened troupers to the cameramen who attached themselves to our Walk along the way, no longer looking around when the cine-camera buzzed, no longer startled when a foto-flash bulb popped.

Mayors, burgomeisters, chairmen, we did not always heed your every word when you came out to greet us, but you will understand this if you count the number of towns we passed through, the number of formal speeches of welcome and concern that were addressed to us, sometimes after each meal of the day, sometimes before a meal, when we were aching with fatigue, cranky with hunger, wet to our chilled skins. Spring in America this year was cold and wet, and the first part of our European summer was unprecedentedly gray and chill. A climate for toothache.

What the March was really like. We were all of us spiritually imperfect persons; no *Bodhisattvas*, no Mahatmas. That could be to the good. Our infirmity signifies that we are of *this* existence, the same crabbed existence which exasperates the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. There were times in America when some of us watched the Walk with a special concern, because we asked ourselves, if not we, then who else? If we could not create among ourselves that mood of cherishing trustfulness, of expectation and concern—we pacifists, we who professed Gandhism—if we became paltry among ourselves, what could we fairly expect of the world, of men who boasted a responsible worldliness, and identified that with reality?

I remember, back in the United States, our encounter with a Puerto Rican migrant worker who was attracted

to our group because we seemed decent and friendly and generous. It seemed to some of us fitting to invite this fellow to share our meal of the evening, and our lodgings for the night. We were to be the guests of a Quaker farmer, and the question arose among us: Could we, as guests of this man, impose on him the presence of a person we could not vouch for? One of our people, whose chief possession was a golden beard, said that the Puerto Rican's smile was all the validation he needed to remain among us. He cited the story of Jean Valjean in *Les Miserables*, and said that our Quaker host should be educated to the relative values of silver candlesticks and a man's smile. And Sue Barksdale, in these matters always unyielding in her gentle, Christian way, said that it was hypocritical for us to ask the Russians, ultimately, to trust their neighbors in a gesture of unilateral disarmament if we preacher-types could not trust the stranger who came among us.

The Puerto Rican shared our hospitality that night and remained with us for some days. But our attitude of trust was not always so exemplary. And if I ask again, what was it really like among us, were we able among ourselves to practise the concern and confidence that one might reasonably stipulate as ingredients of the program of unilateralism and nonviolent resistance, could I give an encouraging answer? If a cosmic sport had assembled us together, to determine if we could, in microcosm, establish the harmony among ourselves that we were seeking for the squabblers in the concourse of nations, what prospects for founding a trustworthy peace does the experiment offer?

The answer is a sad one, in part. We were human, all too human; with the implications which that phrase offers of every pettiness, and of possibilities for reconciliation.

Our accomplishment is a more estimable one if we regard it on more prosaic political grounds. We did reach many people, many tens of thousands in direct encounter. And because our caravan somehow piqued the world's fancy, we reached some tens of millions through the conventional news media. No one knows how to estimate the value of this sort of impact: two and a quarter minutes on TV, a scanty, slanted article in a newspaper, which reports austere the fact of our arrival in such and such a place, or racily, how many pairs of sneakers such and such a Walker has worn out. But some may feel the appeal of even this small notice won by the passage of our Walk. The world heard of us, the world glimpsed some of our slogans and saw us carry them into strange places.

And again, what was it really like? In America we ate peanut butter and oatmeal, and not always enough of that. I remember in Ohio having had beans and cabbage for supper, and the same for breakfast. And I

remember once in the Soviet Union being offered a plate of *hors d'oeuvres* by a vegetarian neighbor. I had finished my own portion, and said I was glad to have more sturgeon, but didn't care for any more caviar. Not just the statement, but the fact that it was made without self-consciousness, is what I remark. We were treated as honored guests in many places in the Soviet Union, and the three dollars a day per person which we paid to our hosts, the Peace Committee, were multiplied several times over, I suppose, providing food and lodgings of a class that we were unaccustomed to. Russia, traditionally and splendidly hospitable, is proud of her present wealth, and perhaps just a little showy in its display. In America we had slept free of charge on church floors, and fed ourselves on a budget of fifty cents a day.

The encumbrance of coping with elaborate meals in Russia and Poland detracted from time that we would have preferred to spend meeting people along our way. We had had, in Belgium and West Germany, long successions of days in which we had to make do with cold, knotty foods: bread, cheese, and sausage. The hot meals we consumed across Poland and Russia were in themselves welcome; we would have regretted their passing. And we could not in sense and decency complain of the attentions of barbers and shoe-repairmen, who would wait into the night to serve our needs. But, like people of other places who regret the loss of a simpler life, the while holding tight to the comforts of a more elaborate condition, we could in the final reckoning have wished the Soviets were less generous towards us. And there was repeatedly this anomaly, of ourselves having uttered strong words about the Soviet armaments policy, which would bring cries of protest from the audience; and then sitting down to a formal and elaborate meal with persons who on the platform had been our antagonists and now were our hosts. We Walkers were most of us provincial folk in relation to the demands of professional diplomacy, and did not always take comfortably to this game of dining amicably with persons with whom we had just exchanged strong words.

And that is what extended peace walks are made of. Fatigue, and sparse or heavy foods, strained tempers, awesome challenges, misapprehensions. There are too the gilded moments, of mutual persuasion and understanding. If I have said little about these moments, it is because the Russian experience is freshest in my mind, and there was small evidence of ideological penetration in Russia. But we did make this first *necessary* move in that direction; we have started a new path of dialogue. And perhaps people of sounder faith and more reasonable temper can carry us further on the way to reconciliation. It is necessary.

2. Still Virgin Soil

Karl Meyer

Following is the text of a talk given at Community Church in New York City at a packed meeting to welcome the Walkers on their return from Moscow.

BEFORE I BEGIN I want to say hello to an old man in the audience; and believe me, I am not doing it for his sake; I am doing it for your sakes, because I want to have a decent excuse for telling you something about his life. I am speaking of Max Sandin of Cleveland. He is in his seventies. He was born in Russia, and may Russia send us thousands more like him. He came to America in his youth. During World War I, he was sentenced to be shot for refusing to wear the uniform or to fight in the War. His sentence was commuted, but he spent several years in Leavenworth prison under the terrible conditions that prevailed there during the War. He hasn't ever given up his work for peace. He keeps right on going. He doesn't believe in paying taxes for war, and he doesn't pay them, and that is something unusual. Recently the government took away his Social Security to pay the taxes he hadn't paid. He went down to Washington to make a protest, and they tried to shut him up in a mental institution. He is here tonight, and we are honored by his being here.

Now let me say what I think I have to say about this Walk from San Francisco to Moscow:

"Tovarish, Sovietski Soyuse, Sovietski Narod, Sovietski Pravietyelstva—Comrades, the Soviet Union, the Soviet People, the Soviet Government, desires peace; it needs peace; it demands peace. Myr, Myr, Myr—Peace, Peace, Peace. The Soviet Union, the Soviet People, the Soviet Government, needs peace so urgently that it is ready to resort to nuclear weapons, if necessary, to defend the peace against fascist aggression. And we can lick the man who says it isn't so."

Friends, I hope you won't find this amusing, because I believe it is an accurate paraphrase of the words I heard in the Soviet Union—again, and again, and again. Words that I heard without a sound of dissent, except that one voice, which was not a sound, but rather a secret note passed to Bradford Lyttle at the Moscow University meeting, while the words I have just paraphrased were ringing through the hall—a secret note which read in full:

My dear friends, do not believe absolutely this dirty official and his common demagogic phrases. Go your path, we are with you.

When I remember these words—the shouted words

and the silent words—it makes me angry to hear people in our peace movement gloating and saying, "For years we have been told to go tell it to the Russians, and now we can say we have gone and we have 'told it to the Russians.'"

I am not going to lie to you.

I hope that you will not say that I have been to the Soviet Union.

I hope that you will not say that you have been there.

I hope you will not say that our ideas have been presented there.

The fact is that we have not touched the Soviet Union. We flicked in and out of the Soviet Union so fast that we hardly knew we were there. Our hosts had us so tied up in knots we had to roll along the ground from Brest to Moscow.

Hear a parable of the sower and the seed: A sower went out to sow, and as he sowed some of the seed fell by the roadside, and the birds of the air devoured it as soon as it fell. Other seed fell on shallow, rocky ground and it sprang up quickly but it had no roots, and when the drought came it withered and died. And finally other seed fell on good ground, and when it had taken root it grew and yielded fruit a hundredfold.

Now hear an explanation of this parable: The seed that fell by the roadside and was devoured by birds is those eighty thousand leaflets we distributed and those talks to villagers along the roadside. We sowed the wind and we reaped the wind. The seed that fell among briars is those public meetings you heard about

where the party liners sprang to their feet and strangled our message with a barrage of words almost before we had finished speaking. The seed that fell on shallow rocky soil is that meeting at the Moscow University, where the students heard our message so eagerly and yet had not the courage to speak out a word of dissent from official policy, even when we were there, but had to pass up their dissent in secret notes. How will they grow when the water leaves them? As for the seed that fell on good ground, I do not know that it was ever sown. We haven't touched the Soviet Union with our ideas. Perhaps not much more than Richard Nixon touched it in his famous kitchen debate. The Soviet Union is still virgin soil. Before you can sow the good soil, you have to plow the ground. And I mean plow the ground. And once having set your hand to the plow you must not turn back.

I have told you that we haven't touched the Soviet Union yet. And how could we hope to touch them when we haven't touched ourselves yet. How could we hope to reach them with our message, when we haven't even reached our own souls through the fat layers of our American existence.

If we want to reach them, we have to go and reach them.

If we want to speak with them, we have to go and speak with them.

And if we want to live in peace with them, we have to go and live in peace with them, personally disarmed, in labor and in poverty, again, and again, and again!

A Further Note on Folk Music

Not long ago, I paid a visit to Mona Fletcher, one of my fellow participants in the Woodstock Civil Defense Protest Demonstration, for which we both did time in the Ulster County Jail. When I arrived, Billy Faier, a professional folk-singer and banjo-player who is currently building himself a house near the Fletchers—he grew up in Woodstock and returned to it, for good, he hopes, a few years ago, after a long sojourn in California—was already there, and he and Mona (who is a pretty good folk-singer, herself) were working out some new verses for the song about Franklin Roosevelt that had an undeservedly brief vogue in the early forties.

Since my readers are most likely unfamiliar with this song; it goes to the tune of "Jesse James," and the refrain runs:

*Franklin Roosevelt told the people how he felt,
And we damn' near believed what he said.
He said: "I hate war, and so does Eleanor,
But we won't be safe till everybody's dead."*

There are several verses, but all of them, unfortunately, are too topical to have much relevance today. The song was composed by members of a certain political organization,

and was hastily withdrawn from circulation in June 1941, when the policy of that organization suddenly changed from opposition to support of the War Effort. A few copies of the record on which the song appeared survived, however, and while it has never reached the general folk-music public, it has been kept alive by a handful of devoted admirers.

In the course of the evening, two new verses were composed, and I herewith pass them along, both as examples of collective improvisation in the true folk-music tradition, and because of their intrinsic merit:

*Franklin's dead and gone, but his mem'ry lingers on,
And the message that we get from Kennedy
Is: "Though fighting is a sin, we will fight for West Berlin,
For they're better dead than Red you must agree."*

*My Uncle Lou would have liked to be here too,
To keep the Commies out of West Berlin.
But this fact I must divulge: at the Battle of the Bulge,
He gave his life to try to get them in.*

HOLLEY CANTINE

Confusion -- the Other Face of Satire

Norbett L. Mintz

IN THE JULY 6th issue of *The Reporter* there appeared a satire entitled *As Others See Us*. It was datelined South Vietnam and its content was roughly, "The recent Supreme Court decisions, which have the effect of getting tough on Communists in this country, have greatly heartened all of Southeast Asia." The satire argued that the Asians cannot fight against the Communists if the Americans do not support them by suppressing Communists in the United States. The nameless "columnist" then went on to support this point with "interview" material from local rice farmers and peasant women. The "interviews" were extremely sophisticated and dealt with Supreme Court decisions since 1957. The aim of the satire (presumably) was to spoof an editorial excerpted from the *New York Herald Tribune*, part of which served as the satire's preface.

I must confess that I was part way through the piece before it got obviously too thick to be anything but a satire. Others were in doubt even after finishing the piece. The following excerpt, from a letter in the succeeding issue of *The Reporter*, is an example:

To the Editor:

The section "As Others See Us" in *The Reporter's* Notes of July 6, 1961, is disturbing to read. I cannot decide whether the piece is satirical or intended as serious reporting. . . .

. . . How is it that these South Vietnamese peasants can achieve such a grasp of abstract concepts and specific legislative details in contrast to illiterate, poverty-stricken peasants in other parts of the world?

. . . This article needs an explanation. Who wrote it? On what experience was it based? How extensive was the experience? Were the interviews with the local farmers direct?

Please forgive me if my ignorance and lack of sense of humor have caused me to take the article seriously, if it was intended as a satire.

William Morton, M. D.
University of Michigan
School of Public Health

Now Dr. Morton is an educated academician and aware that the article was possibly a stunt. His letter begins and ends by admitting that the piece *may* have been a satire. Why then could not Dr. Morton decide it was?

One possibility he raised himself—he may be deficient in his sense of humor. But I doubt that this is sufficient explanation. If Dr. Morton is perhaps deficient in humor, *The Reporter* is certainly deficient in clarity of purpose. Placing this satire opposite an Eric Sevareid column (reprinted with obvious approval) was sufficient to confuse any reader. One almost as easily could have concluded that the "interviews" in the satire were genuine, and that the Sevareid column, where it agreed

with Secretary McNamara's assertion that the Communists are gaining in Laos because they have more guns, bombs, tanks, etc., was the satire. Is it beyond possibility that some columnists may attempt to convince the public that indeed the freedom of South Vietnam makes it imperative that greater suppression of civil liberties must be undertaken at home? After all, as the President has said, are not "the soft societies . . . about to be swept away . . ."? And must not "our institutions be re-evaluated . . ."? *The Reporter* of late would seem to be an excellent subject for the person who so brilliantly analyzed the multi-hedging "Prose of Richard Nixon" in those same pages almost a year before. For in recent times, many presumed liberal magazines have taken their seats off the fence only to walk with one leg on either side. One hopes they soon recognize the obvious drawbacks which accompany this unusual feat.

But let us not just focus on *The Reporter*. The mass media increasingly have been propagating "New-Speak" upon the public, as in 1984. "We Arm for Peace" (a recent *New York Times* editorial) and other such rhetorical abominations have shown Orwell to be rather optimistic in his chronology. After the Cuban affair and the U-2 incident, one has complete sympathy with any intelligent reader who is unsure whether a piece of reporting is meant to be a hoax in the satirical sense, or is meant to be a hoax in the sense of an insidious deception perpetrated on the public.

Questions of Dr. Morton's humor aside, his concern with being maliciously duped is genuine and commendable. I hope there were more who shared his concern. The time is rapidly approaching when irony and satire will be inappropriate forms of communication, because one writer's satire may well be another's propaganda. Dr. Morton's letter reflects most seriously not on his sense of humor, but on our press and other media, and on the very nature of our public information. It indicates that through the juxtaposition of contradictions which are presented so as to seem compatible, and the continuous adulteration of language, we have reached the point where our mass media can no longer be taken seriously as a moderately reliable source of information. One might go further, and in a burst of suspicion assert that the mass media were plotting a deliberate tactic of confusion, calculated to confound the reader into submissive and indiscriminate acceptance. The media are not that well-organized for this suspicion of a *plot* to be anything except paranoid—but the process of confusion is occurring and the end results of a submissive and indiscriminate public are obvious.

LETTERS . . .

Dear Editors:

New York

I am extremely disturbed by A. J. Muste's recounting of the pros and cons on Berlin: what the Russians think, what the Americans think, etc.; and the same holds for the frequent analyses of the subject by Erich Fromm. Given the desperate jeopardy we are in, what difference does it make *what* they think or what goes on at this level of thought? Any policies that involve such dangers are insane and are not policies at all. By human beings they should be dismissed as utterly irrelevant. We want no part of it, period. How the devil can one "explain" setting off new bombs when such explosions are a universal misfortune? To involve the reader in the intricacies of such "explanations" simply muddies the water. Contrast the clear and relevant rhetoric and reason of Bertrand Russell in the same October issue.

Because of his long and honorable career in the polemics and analyses of the politics of our century, A.J. has a propensity (I hope not fatal) to continue in the same strain, although we are no longer discussing a "political" question.

When he uses such terms as "unilateral" or "multilateral" action, he obscures our course of action. In the issue of nuclear war, there is no "we" and no "they," there are only human beings. If, as seems likely, the warring is implicit in the existence of national sovereignties like Russia, France, Nigeria, the United States, etc., let us try to lower these flags at once, and explore other arrangements.

Paul Goodman

COMMENT by A. J. MUSTE

I agree with the assumption underlying Paul Goodman's statement, namely, that the contemporary power struggle and armaments race are utterly irrational and immoral. My feeling that this has to be spelled out for people, and cannot simply be assumed, is confirmed by the fact that many readers are using the article in question because they believe it does

precisely this in a way which impresses their non-pacifist friends.

Dear Editors:

Tokyo

I just want to say how much I liked what A. J. Muste wrote in the September issue about Solomon's choice. Indeed, the whole San Francisco to Moscow March has been a sign of humanity and imagination in an otherwise unhappy world this last summer.

David Riesman

Dear Editors:

Baltimore

Unilateral action toward disarmament I consider futile; in fact, I consider *any* action toward disarmament as futile, because unnecessary. Disarmament never led to peace, but peace inevitably leads to disarmament.

The great threat to the survival of the United States is not Communism, it is boredom. No leader offers us anything to do except survive, and merely to subsist is the quintessence of tedium. Ike is doubtless a good man, but he is so damned dull that he brought the country to the point of almost believing that war would be a welcome break in the monotony.

I am beginning to fear that Kennedy is as dull as Ike. At any rate, thus far he has produced only one idea that has a touch of novelty, and that a dubious one—the Children's Crusade. The old Roman idea of bread and circuses as indispensable instruments of government was sound; but they are equally necessary. We are getting the *panem* in enormous quantities, but where are the *circenses*?

If Kennedy had a touch of the genius of either Roosevelt, he would propose something outrageous—to strike "In God We Trust" off the money, for instance, or to change the date of Thanksgiving—and the ensuing uproar would thrust Berlin to the inside pages. If he had a full measure of that genius he would see, and would present to the country the drama in Point Four; and that would thrust Berlin to page seventeen.

However, a leader of that kind is God's gift to a nation; and do we really rate a gift?

Gerald W. Johnson

continued from page 3

3) Tolstoy once said that it is easier to write ten books of philosophy than to put one idea into practice. Is it our fear of failure that prevents us from staking our own lives and reputations on putting into practice the ideas we urge upon society? Is it not time that those who are addicted to "fighting for lost causes" fought their losing battles in ways that will test our own alternatives, expose our own ignorance and error, and thereby lead to later, more viable experiments? Was not the genius of the San Francisco to Moscow Walk that it seemed to make a start in this direction by joining together persons who had undergone persecution and imprisonment to devote many months and hard-won miles to testing their idea that it was possible to reach people everywhere with a pacifist message? No one could think of them as parlor pacifists and so, whatever their inevitable shortcomings, they joined the issue wherever they went.

D. D.

COLOSSAL DECEPTION

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